

omerun aggerly

BY GEORGE WILLIAM DALEY.

When Pielades Peterkin got us all into the Autowindile and started for Mars he told us how many miles we had to go, but I've forgotten the exact number. It was quite a ways, I know that, but the autowindile was a fast boat, and he said he could push her to the limit, as there wouldn't be any stars to watch out for some time.

Say, if any one ever sings "Come and Take a Ride in My Airship" to you, don't do it. You'll be disappointed. I thought we had had the limit of it—some trips the time we sailed for ninety-two days out of Frisco in a schooner and got wrecked on the island of Fubolene, and discovered old man Robinson and his nine o' trained monks in the gorilla that ketches behind the bat. But the trip on the autowindile laid over that for tremendousness. Part of the reason was that you had to stay cooped up in the clear-shaped body of the machine, not knowing at what minute the engine or one of the canvas wings "ud bust an' we'd start for glory whop!" It wasn't very restful to be always expectin' a thing like that, an' yet not be where you could see the fun when it happened. I began to realize what it means to a bunch of blind kittens to be dropped off a bridge in a grinnaseck.

Rufe Gibson, our right felder, who is a calous cuss, said he didn't figger that we'd have any better chance gettin' out whole if we was up on deck than where we were; but he couldn't realize any of a man's finer feelins, anyway, an' we ignored him. All he was good for was ball playin' an' stowin' away grub.

On the schooner goin' to Fubolene Island you could jump overboard occasionally for a swim, keepin' an eye out for sharks, an' have a good time in other ways, but on the autowindile there was no chance of that. If you jumped off the planet that was exertin' the most influence on things just then would attract you to it, an' you'd go fast—so fast that w'en you struck they'd come out with a dustpan an' brush an' some grease destroyer to clean you off the scenery. If you didn't like the way it was, Pielades would be sure to get a feller with the same attraction in the clouds—an' Pielades said the theory seemed all right, but he wouldn't bet on it, nor try it, neither. You see, the attractions up in the sky were just like currents of water in the ocean to our ship. We were beatin' against the earth's attraction for a long time, till the state of Kansas got so it looked like a pin head, an' then we got into the moon's attraction current an' steered out of that for Jupiter's attraction current, an' Pielades said that as soon as we hit old Mars' attraction current we'd be safe an' sound an' no trouble but to stop the machine.

We dum' near got wrecked on a couple o' small stars that was all black an' just laid in the air dead with no lights. Pielades said they was shootin' stars, an' had burned out an' wasn't no good no more.

The felleers that I've read about in your oceans down in the earth, I'd go hard with us if we was one o' 'em. If one o' them star points jabbed through one o' my sails it'd be good night for a particular fine bunch o' ball players.

That seemin' make Josh Haggood jealous, for he says:

Snaucks with your encomiums of your own abilities," says he, "if we hit one o' them stars, we'd be the untimely demise o' the cleverest ball player I ever ager that ever sobered up a toosy pitcher, likewise a pot."

"Oh, I don't," says Pielades, who didn't seem to like Josh's superlatives. "You don't run one-two-forty-seven with the managers up in Mars, why? Because they know you no more time in w'ich to show off. Now in your league you play about eight months, don't you—about 240 days in the year?"

Josh nodded.

"Well, up in Mars we got it fixed so's the year is 367 days long, an' we play every day. You want to figger that we're 47,000,000 miles nearer the sun than you are, an' they ain't no winter."

That kind o' took the wind out of Josh.

"When we finish one season we jump right in an' start another the next day," he says. "It ain't no wonder that we got it on you in cleverness w'en we play so much more than you—w'en we never quit, so to speak. No wonder the one-hand rule was put in effect—no wonder it's two strikes is out an' three balls take you home. The game has got to be harder when the players is so much cleverer."

Then two was always arguin' or chewin' the rag or somethin'.

I lost track o' the days we'd been away from home, and it was gettin' very tiresome to see the same stars an' air an' stars an' hear the chug-chug of the p'peller an' Josh Haggood keepin' in time with it. We was all gettin' cross-grained an' ready to fight when one day Pielades shins the chug-chug of the p'peller an' Josh Haggood keepin' in time with it. We was all gettin' cross-grained an' ready to fight when one day Pielades shins the chug-chug of the p'peller an' Josh Haggood keepin' in time with it.

We hit Mars next day, and mebbe it wasn't hot, but it was a muckin' the Kansas prairies was a muckin' to it. The day the home plate melted down to wire grass can't be mentioned in the same breath as the point number ball games we found the grandstand an' bleachers o' fireproof wood, an' the plate an' bags was asbestos, an' the fences round the grounds was steel plate.

No chance o' batterin' them down," says I. "You got to put 'em over."

Before I'd been in Mars a day, I wanted to go home "thout playin' any ball. My nose got burned f'm the wire in my mask w'en I went out to practice. I put on the mask an' the p'peller an' the air in it got so hot that finally I was lifted up a dozen or so feet, an' the wind whop'd Mars behind me. I was up, up, up, till I looked like I'd start for the earth or the sun on a little airship of my own. Pielades had to hook up to autowindile on 'come after me. After that I wore a neck chest p'ector so's not to take chances.

What galled me most was the fact that w'en I fell on the earth I was losin' eleven pounds o' fat a minute, an' had to tie sponges on our heads to keep the sweat out of our eyes, then Mars salutes got prandin' round, cool an' collected, snappin' things up one-handed, and thinkin' no more of them stars than a girl pickin' berries. I seen right away that w'en the championship series o' games began with the Plantvilles the next day we'd probably come in for a nice, sweet trimmin'.

I says that to Reggie Van Nesselaeer, an' he gives me the laugh.

workin' fine, and there seemed no chance of Mars scorin', though the better linked at the ball like they wanted to send it back to Kansas.

There was spry set o' outfielders on the Plantvilles, and that kep' me from doin' much in the way of hittin'. Those three felder'd go for hittin' on the lather beds that made up the outfield and scoop in drives that would have homers anywhere else. And the steel fences made it impossible to get any further than second when they plugged out a liner that they couldn't get on the fly.

In the seventh innin', though, I seen that Reg was in trouble. He wound up a couple o' times an' sent in wide ones that I just got on my bare hand, and then I walked out to the box.

Reg's face was pale.

"Good heaven to coss, Hag," says he. "We're done. We're up against it. Might's well take the count now."

"Wot's the trouble?" says I.

"Can't work the spit ball any more," says he.

"Why not?" says I, makin' b'lieve I was givin' him signals.

"Cause the spit's all gone," says he. "It's turned to cotton."

Blame 't it hadn't. He couldn't get no moisture on that ball; no, not if he'd put it in his mouth to once, like the giant in Brobdnag did.

I was stumped for a minute, an' then I says:

"Give up the spit ball," says I. "Try the sweater in bed there was a lot o' spit."

"How's that?" says Reg.

"Try the sweater ball," says I. "Rub it on your face, where them beads o' perspiration is, an' you'll get a shoot on it that'll make 'em jump for cover."

Reg caught on, an' he did it. Every time he threw a ball he'd rub it on his forehead or the back of his neck, an' the moisture was plenty. B'sides, the to-backer juice didn't spatter when it hit the mitt as it did usually.

For twenty-six long innin's then it went, them famin' out on the perspiration pellet right along, and us gettin' men on the bags most every innin', but sharp felder 'cuttin' us off. An' then I pulled off a trick on 'em.

As I said, the field was mostly lather, somethin' like asphalt, only soft an' springy. The heat kep' it that way. They have to have big canals in Mars to keep the lather cool, an' I saw the thing'd run together in a melted mass.

I saw a hole about half-way to the pitcher's box in the thirty-seventh innin', that looked like it might lead to somethin' if I could place a good one right.

As I said, I was no use to try to bang 'em over the felder's heads, for you couldn't do that; so my mind went back to Silversand, the time I drove the ball into the ground in front of the plate, and they had to get in a hurry to get it out, and when the pitcher sent up a lollypop drop curve, I fell on it, and drove it straight for that hole in the lather.

I felt a shakin' and springin' as I tore for first base that made it seem as though the hull o' Mars was tryin' to turn over on bed; there was a lot o' yellin' from the grandstand, and I saw a scared look on the second baseman's face.

Right there, midway between the pitcher's box an' home, a big, bubbling, boiling fountain plunked an' lather was sprinkin' up, gettin' higher every minute, and roarin' furious as a catamount coacher. I stopped.

"Come on in," yelled Pielades.

"An' git burnt up," I answered.

"Slide," yelled Pete Brown.

"Not on your bird case," says I.

And the next minute I was flowin' over an' over, an' covered up the home plate, and the audience had to hustle back to the grandstand and burn their feet.

After the excitement had died down a bit the empire came out an' says that it was an unfortunate case, but he couldn't see any way out but declare the game called on account of the diamond bollin' over.

"Then we don't win," says I. "How can you?" says he. "You ain't touched home plate yet. You got to do that to score a run."

"But there ain't any home plate," says I. "This is a roast." (It was a hot, I should have said. But I was hot. So was everything else.)

"I can't help that," says he. "This game is called. It'll be finished tomorrow, when the diamond cools down."

Remembering what Pielades had said about a square-deal, no more an' no less, for every team in Mars, we could not kick. But it seemed stretching things a little, and made a ground rule calling for two bases on a ball-over the next day, and packed up our bats.

(Copyright, 1905, by George William Daley.)

Husband of the Future.

(New York Globe.)

First Clubwoman (a few years hence)—Men are enough to drive a woman crazy.

Second Clubwoman—Indeed, they are.

First Clubwoman—Only think! For five nights last week I remained at the home I didn't find my husband waiting at the top of the stairs to upbraid me for neglect. The heartless brute was in bed, sleeping like a top, and actually smiled in his dreams.

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BITTER DAYS FOR THE SOUTH RECALLED BY DEATH OF MAJOR BURKE IN HONDURAS

(Richard Weightman in Chicago Tribune.)

The reported death in Honduras of Major E. A. Burke, formerly treasurer of Louisiana and the founder of the Times-Democrat newspaper of New Orleans, recalls the most tragic and eventful period in the history of the state—the period of reconstruction.

Reconstruction ceased finally when Grant withdrew the bayonets in 1877, but it was suspended once—on the 14th of September, 1874—under dramatic circumstances and that event Kellogg, Burke, Ogden, Longstreet and A. S. Badger, recently deceased, contributed both potently and picturesquely.

Beginning of a Historic Day.

On the morning of that historic day a militia command undertook to march down the river front to the wharf of one of the Cromwell steamers, just in from New York, and take to their arms a lot of rifles and ammunition which they had bought and paid for.

This under the militia law of that time they had a perfect right to do, but governor Kellogg was convinced that the arms were for other purposes.

Violence in the approaching campaign, and he made up his mind the company should not have them. The troops of the barracks—the Thirtieth Infantry, I think—had been sent away shortly before on account of a yellow fever alarm, and were then at Holly Springs, Miss. Governor Kellogg therefore had for the defense of his government only a semi-military body known as the Metropolitan police, but it was composed of experienced veterans and commanded by General A. S. Badger, formerly of Maine, as brave a soldier and as willing and loyal a fighter as had marched with either flag during the civil war.

It was known as early as Saturday, the 12th, that the militia intended to have their guns if it took a battle to get them, and that the White League would support them if necessary. After they had heated consultation with his trusted counselors, Kellogg at last consented to telegraph to Holly Springs for the troops. He did this reluctantly, for he was a man without fear, as fond of warfare as any man I ever knew.

Where Major Burke Came In.

The dispatch was sent and answered the troops would be in New Orleans on Monday morning. There is where Burke came in. He held some important and responsible post in the Illinois Central, over whose tracks the Thirtieth Infantry would have to come if they expected to reach town in time. Burke, a confederate veteran, promptly communicated the plans to the White League leaders, and there was another conspiracy.

Things looked dark for the southerners. Of course, if the troops reached New Orleans there would be nothing to do. The White League had no quarrel with the United States; never resisted its authority under any circumstances. One junior lieutenant with a corporal's guard could be enough to send every White Leaguer in New Orleans to cover. They adopted that policy at the outset and never relaxed for a moment, no matter what the provocation. Finally, when all the rest of them had talked a good deal, though without throwing the faintest light on the dilemma, Burke was asked for a sentiment. He said at once:

"As I understand, you want to meet the issue Kellogg has raised and are prepared to do it if the United States troops can be held off. Are you sure you can win if you have all day Monday with a free hand?"

"They said they were," "Very well," says Burke. "Those soldiers 'nt get to New Orleans until the 15th; it's all over. No. I shall not explain myself further. You can trust me or not as you prefer. I'll do my part, anyhow."

And he did. Next morning at 5 o'clock, a couple of hours' run north of New Orleans, the train with the Thirtieth Infantry aboard was flagged by the foreman of a working gang, and there were two or three miles of rails piled up along the track, while Burke hotly tossed a job of urgent ballasting and general repairs.

What happened in town is already history. The White League, under Ogden, swept Kellogg's "Metropolitan police" off the face of the earth in an hour, and the latter were perfectly armed and had a battery of Gatling guns besides. It must have been the bitterest moment in stout old Longstreet's life—for he was then adjutant general of the state under Kellogg when he heard the rebel yell of the White Leaguers charging and had to turn and run away from the men he had led to victory so often.

Like Chapter of Romance.

Burke's life after that is a chapter out of romance. He left the service of the Illinois Central, went into politics and journalism, controlled the Democratic machine for years, and was the most conspicuous, and, in many ways, the most interesting figure in Louisiana.

ana. A Democratic faction arose bitterly opposed to him. He was an interloper, they said, a stranger and antecedents no one knew anything for certain. They were of the old regime and they resented his power. They beat him socially, and for many years he beat them in politics.

Out of this vicious clash two duels grew. I acted as Burke's second in one when he fought Hearsey, editor of the States-fought with pistols at ten paces, and fired and received three different shots without injury to either party. Two braver men never lived, but neither knew the first thing about pistol shooting or could hit a haystack at point blank range with a shotgun.

His next affair was with Harrison Parker, then editor of the Picayune, and at the fifth fire Parker managed to shoot him through the thigh.

I see it stated in some of the comments on Burke's death that he once quitted Governor Kellogg on Canal Street. That is not true. He could not more have cowered William Pitt Kellogg than pick up the custom house at point blank range with a shotgun. What he did was to jump on the step of the governor's victoria as he drove by on his way home and try to cowhide him. Socially, a powerful man, the most perfectly proportioned athlete I have ever seen, but when he reached over the side of that victoria and undertook to drag Kellogg from the vehicle he tackled a job far beyond his powers. Kellogg shook him off into the street as though he were a child. Burke fired at him as the vehicle rolled along, but as I have shown marksmanship was not his metier.

His Flight to Honduras.

It was during the Blaine-Cleveland campaign of 1884 that Louisiana's money leaked out of the treasury over which Burke presided. Nobody believed then or believes now that Burke took the money for himself. He fled to Honduras and stayed. I don't think the fact that had fought for him so stubbornly wanted him brought to trial.

They had driven their enemy out of the country and that was enough. Burke had a well defined idea, I fancy, as to where that money went during the Blaine-Cleveland campaign of 1884. He was born in Montreal, in the same town that Admiral Dewey was. Early in life he moved to Illinois. He was one of the electors of that state and helped to nominate Lincoln in 1860. He served in the union army, was appointed collector of the port at New

Orleans by Grant, was subsequently governor and senator of Louisiana, and after those stormy years of reconstruction, in the perils of which he actually rejoiced, I do believe, he is spending the afternoon of his life in peace and plenty.

Hale, erect, active, alert, vigorous as the average man of 40, we see him every day upon our streets, and I for one, am always glad to clasp his hand.

Delivered Them "C. O. D."

(New York Times.)

"How did you get on with your written examinations?" inquired a Gentle friend of a young Hebrew who had been undergoing the ordeal prescribed for those who present themselves for the Jewish rite of confirmation.

"Pretty good," replied the boy. "But I don't feel quite sure of all my answers."

"What, for instance?"

"Why, that one, 'How did Moses deliver the children of Israel?'"

"Did you answer it?"

"Oh, yes, I answered it."

"What did you say?"

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Rupture Properly termed Hernia, is an affection in the region of the abdominal wall, and is characterized by protrusion of the bowel from the lower part of the abdominal cavity. The tendency of Rupture is always progressive, and the symptoms are usually so slight as not to warn the afflicted, even though he be in imminent danger. Rupture frequently results in strangulation and death. Trusses should not be continuously worn, as they only aggravate the trouble.

Hydrocele Is an accumulation of serous fluid in the scrotum, or bag, and involves the cords to which the testicles are attached, and deprives the sexual organs of all vitality. It results from injury, and is sometimes difficult to distinguish from Rupture or Varicocele.

Varicocele Is a Pelvic disease, and is simply veins surrounding the testicles and scrotum filled with curdled or stagnant blood similar to varicose veins occurring in any part of the body. This overflow and clogged accumulation is caused by undue exertion by the administration of a tonic, and a complete cure is possible in every case.

Weakness of the sympathetic or ganglionic nerves that regulate the supply of blood in any organism.

Every man afflicted with Varicocele of long standing knows that it has blighted his life, and that he has made a great mistake in not having himself cured. The disease not only endangers by complication every organ in the human system, but by sympathetic irritation the nervous system and renders a man a complete wreck physically, mentally and sexually.

There is no operation about my radical cure for Varicocele, neither any pain nor detention from business. My procedure consists of drawing the curdled blood from the veins, and transmuting it into the cellular tissues of the same manner as all other waste matter is thrown off. The ganglionic nerves are restored to their functional force by the administration of a tonic, and a complete cure is possible in every case.

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A SURE CURE is what I will give you beyond a doubt if your case is curable; if not, I will not accept your money and promise to do anything for you. The certainty of my systems of treatment has been established by their absolute reliability in the many cases I have cured, some of them very severe and have even been pronounced incurable by specialists. Having a thorough knowledge of the diseases I treat, I am able to decide in an instant whether you are in reach of medical science, and, if not, there is no amount of money that will induce me to hold out any hopes to you, for I preserve my medical reputation only by being careful to promise no more than I can perform.

I extend a special invitation to all men affected with Pelvic disorders to consult me in person or by mail. I will delight in giving full information regarding my system of treatment for any of the diseases I treat, and all those who investigate will find that I can give them a safe, permanent cure, and that my charges will be no more than they can conveniently pay. I ask no man to take my treatment until I have convinced him that I have knowledge and that I have thoroughly mastered my profession by gaining every possible advantage in specialty practice. My diplomas assure those who deal with me that my days of experimenting are over, and that my professional services are not only a boon to men, but are worth a thousand times what I charge for